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SUSIE KNIGHT;

OR,

The True History of "The Pretty Waiter Girl."

A FANCY POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CANTO I.

XXI.

I believe I left our heroine in arms.
In that "posish" some moments more they rode
Past trees and woods, past houses, fields and farms,
He kissing her till like a rose she glowed;
When happen'd to them one of those alarms
Which is quite apt to o'ertake a cutter's load:
The careless driving of the loving lover
Into a snow bank tipped the couple over.

XXII.

But accidents like that are soon forgot;
The sleigh was righted and all things were well.
For my part, when I ride, I'd soon as not
Get thrown upon a snowy drift pell mell—
Of course I mean whenever 'tis my lot
To have a girl to help me "cut the swell."
I don't like solitary rides, I will confess,
And solitary tumbles like I less.

XXIII.

Well, Robert laughed, and Susie called it fun,
And both agreed 'twas but a slight mishap,
And youthful-like felt glad for what was done.
She was once more ensconced upon his lap,
—The horse proceeding at a pleasant run—
And bidding fair to take an evening nap.
He hugged her warmly, lovingly, and press'd
His hand upon the maiden's throbbing breast.

XXIV.

Alas! that in the land to Christians given,
Six thousand miles from where our parents fell;
From that fine garden where a man and woman
Were driven forth upon the earth to dwell—
The land which some suppose leads straight to Heaven—
Such damning stories I should have to tell!
But then if sins o'ertake New England belles
The blue creed-law their awful end foretells.

XXV.

Besides, "the truth's the truth," as Falstaff thought,
And though 'tis sad this history to relate,
I must proceed until the whole is wrought,
And everything with accuracy state:
And when I've done, a moral I'll have taught—
You'll find out what it is if you will wait.
And though I've got a somewhat fancy scene,
I'll draw the curtain wide and leave no screen.

XXVI.

In course of time Bob's "drunk" did much increase,
He dropped the reins and, let the horse dash on
He gave his whole attention to the "piece"
With whom he'd sworn to gratify his passion.
The hours wax'd late, but still he did not cease
To hug and kiss her in an amorous fashion:
And soon began to whisper in her ear
Such words as modest girls should never hear.

XXVII.

He told her of the pleasures found in love—
The deep intoxication of the bliss;
He called her "sweet," his "dear," and "pretty dove,"
And said she was a lovely little miss—
An angel, fit to dwell in realms above;
And ev'ry word he strengthened with a kiss:
Then complimented her on her small feet,
And whispered, stolen pleasures are most sweet.

XXVIII.

Meantime her "hug-me-tight" he had unloosed,
Unbuttoned too her snugly-fitting dress;
And then his hand he quickly introduced
And 'gainst her white, warm bosom he did press.
The knave so many ladies had seduced
He rather liked to watch their queer distress,
Which seemed to be a singular alloy
Of one third sorrow and two thirds of joy.

XXIX.

Undoubtedly Miss Susie would have told
Her lover he was doing very wrong,
That 'twas insulting her to be so bold,
That she was small and weak, while he was strong,
That he had best release her from his hold—
I say she would, but as they rode along
She spied her father's house few rods ahead,
Knew she was home, and left the words unsaid.

XXX.

Knight helped her out, his arm around her waist,
But lingered still 'bout bidding her good night;
In fact, he didn't seem to be in haste
To leave his Desdemona's pleasing sight.
So up the lawn with slackened steps they paced,
He feeling shilly, amorous, and tight:
And thus they walked until they reached the door,
And yet he lingered still and talked the more.

XXXI.

What might be done? To keep him there until
He froze his toes, of course would never do.
The night was cold, *the* Knight was also chill.
She asked him in—'twas very late she knew,
The folks abed, the candles out, but still
He might refuse: and if he came—why, she
Would see he stayed so short a time
That his late call would surely be no crime.

XXXII.

Bob did forthwith accept the invitation,
And quietly stepped within the silent house.
It was a somewhat awkward situation
To Sue, at least, who feared that Pa would rouse;
And so she gave our hero intimation
That he must move as quiet as a mouse:
Then asked her lover up to her own room,
And by thus asking sealed for aye her doom.

XXXIII.

Of course he went:—they found a smould'ring fire,
Which soon was gleaming with a pleasant blaze;
And as the crackling flames leaped high and higher
The room was lighted as in Summer days.
Our heroine almost forgot her sire;
To such extent the warm and welcome rays
Infused her veins with merriness and heat
She noticed not the hours were flying fleet.

XXXIV.

The little chamber which the light displayed
Was very pretty, furnished, too, so nice;
Some skilful hand each article had laid
Each in its proper place with care precise,
A feather bed quite near was nicely "made,"
And everything was such as might entice
A weary traveler on this darksome night
To leave the cold and seek this pleasant light.

XXXV.

Now here was what "H. Robert" most had sought,
To get his lady-love in such a place;
And then (experience had the rascal taught)
All that was needed was enough of "face"
To make the maiden's every secret thought
Run in a channel amorous and base.
And afterwards—well, afterwards you'll find
That he accomplish'd all that he designed.

XXXVI.

Somehow or other Susie had forgot
Her Pa, and all her many fears—the hour—
And at the very moment she should not.
Forgotten, too, about Religion's power,
While all her thoughts ran wild about the sot
Who had resolved to crush the fragile flower
Whose graceful head upon his arm reclined,
Who, in his hands, her very soul resigned.

XXXVII.

He held her hand in confidential way,
And then commenced more of that silly talk
Which had begun before, while in the sleigh—
The conversation which this human hawk
Found was the sweet to entrap his half-won prey,
And as an epicure upon his fork
Holds some rich, rare, and highly-flavored meat,
So Bob Knight held this damsel fair and sweet.



SIGNORITA ISABEL CUBAS,

THE CELEBRATED DANSEUSE AND PANTOMIMIST.

For Biographical Sketch see another Column.

XXXVIII.

The hot blood rushed and tingled through each vein,
Her cheeks were dyed with crimson tinging deep;
Her "eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"
While Knight one arm around her waist did keep;
And she, forgetting wrong will bring its pain,
Permits the other stealthy hand to creep
Upon the very mounts where, throned above,
Eros unquestioned reigns the god of love.

XXXIX.

And yet she really did'nt mean to fall
From virtue's path, and from the path of grace;
It was a courting scene, and that was all—
She thought. 'Twas not a novel case,
E'en though she must admit the call
Was made too late, and in a tempting place:
For, as you know, I once before have said
Our loving pair were near a feather bed.

XL.

Anon more dimly burned the cheery fire,
And Susie whispered: "Robert, you must go.
Come now, you *must;* 'tis time I should retire.
Besides, your horse is waiting down below:
And 'twould arouse papa's most vengeful ire
To know you've linger'd with his daughter so.
So now, good-night! and please accept of this
As your reward"—and she bestowed a kiss.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIBERTINE AND HIS VICTIM;

OR,

THE DOOM OF THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE OF

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE, LOVE, AND CRIME;

The Theatre, Turf, Ring, and Bagnio.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER III.

LILLIAN HERBERT'S WHEREABOUTS—THE PROCURESS AND HER VICTIM—THE COLONEL STAKES A PILE ON HIS GAME—ROCHELLE COTTAGE—VENUS IN HER NIGHT DRESS—THE BURGLARY—THE MURDER—BILL DISCOVERS ANOTHER ACQUAINTANCE—THE STIFF 'UN DISPOSED OF.

When Lillian Herbert awoke to consciousness, she found herself in a strange room and a strange bed. She felt as if she had awakened from a long sleep, and from the sensations she experienced it became apparent to her that it had not been altogether a natural one; her first impulse was to start from the couch whereon she lay, but an indescribable feeling of weakness and weariness in her limbs so paralyzed her efforts that she sank back on the pillows, unable to rise. Then gradually came to her recollection the scene at the ball; the fire in the supper room; of her having been lifted by powerful hands into a carriage; a swift journey—and a sudden blank which her memory tried in vain to fill up. Then came the dreadful thought as to the fate of her parents; and, finally, a wondering as to where she then was. She had been divested of the greater part of her clothing, and lay in a couch fitted up in most luxurious style. The room was not large, but by the light which came from an argand lamp placed on a table in the centre, she could see that it was furnished in a manner well calculated to secure the comfort of its occupant, and with a rare delicacy which betokened wealth and exquisite taste combined; but a strange dread came over her, and with a deep sigh she closed her eyes again and endeavored to collect her thoughts. Her movements, however, had not been made without attracting notice, and in a few seconds she was aware of some one moving about in the room, and at length she was addressed in a gentle female voice.

"Ah! Miss Herbert, so you have awakened at last; you have had quite a long sleep, how do you feel?"

Lillian turned her eyes upon the speaker and beheld a lady whom she could not recognize as ever having seen before, but who was no other than Madame Bouri. Her first thoughts turned towards her parents.

"My father and mother!" she exclaimed.

"They are well, Lillian, and the fire did no further damage than to destroy the supper room."

"And where are they? Where am I?"

"Hush, hush! you must not excite yourself by too much talking at present; your parents are at home, and you—well you are in the country a little way, where you are to remain for a season."

"And do they know I am here? why do they not come to me?"

"Because they *do not* know of your present place of abode. But enough of this, you must not ask me any more questions just now, as I really am not at liberty to reply to them; some other time I may be; in the meantime be assured no harm shall befall you, and that anything you desire that is in my power to grant shall instantly be supplied. I shall send you a maid who will assist you in your toilette, as you must by this time be in need of some refreshment;" so saying Madame Bouri glided from the room ere Lillian had time to utter a word; She was now completely bewildered and a wild terror took possession of her. In whose hands was she? and for what purpose? The fact that her parents were ignorant of her destination, and the evident intention to seclude her entirely from contact with the world made her feel her position to be one of mystery and danger, notwithstanding the assurances of her hostess to the contrary—nor were these fears by any means allayed by the conduct of Lisette, a lively young French girl who was allotted to her as an attendant. She entered the room and with a winning smile presented Lillian with a cup of tea on one of the neatest little China services imaginable, and afterwards assisted her to rise and dress. Lillian, during this interesting process, frequently endeavored to interrogate her, to learn something if she could, but the wily maid was more than a match for her; she rattled on about anything but what Lillian wished to talk about; went into raptures at the neatness of her foot and ankle; praised her magnificent hair as she combed it out, and even went so far as to express her undisguised admiration at the beauty of her neck and bosom till Lillian's face burned with blushes, and she peremptorily ordered her to cease her prating or leave her to herself. But the Frenchwoman was not to be easily foiled; so she changed her tactics and kept her position. An ample supply of clothing had been furnished from which she could choose, and as a ball room dress was rather out of the way for ordinary wear, she attired herself in a neat, plain delaine, fitting close to the body, which showed off the symmetry of her figure to great advantage. No doubt this was part of Madame Bouri's plan.

Connected with the bed room was a small boudoir, which in its fittings displayed even more taste if possible than the room adjoining. Here, when Lillian had settled herself, she observed a harp, guitar and piano; a small collection of richly bound books in an elegant case, while a few choice pictures hung on the walls. There was but one window, and to this she first devoted her attention; it was composed of small diamond panes set in a net work of iron, which gave it at once the appearance of freedom and yet had the strength of a prison—there was no other outlet. She had previously observed that when Lisette retired she had not fastened the bed-room door behind her, and in the hope of escape she had essayed to leave the room, but was mortified to find a second door outside, which defied all her efforts to open. Convinced that she was a prisoner, her fortitude gave way and she sank into a chair exhausted by her emotions. Oh! how she longed to be once more beside her dear parents, and she could not avoid certain misgivings as to who was the author of her abduction; more than once the form of Col. French was conjured up before her imagination, but his long intimacy with her father precluded the idea of his having anything to do with her present position, and yet she could think of no one else. It was true that she had on many occasions received attentions from gentlemen, but of all her acquaintances there was not one but whom she firmly believed would have been but too glad to show his devotion by rescuing and restoring her to freedom. Weakly passed the hours, for in her present mood she had little inclination to beguile her time with music. Driven at last by her loneliness to seek for something to engage her attention, she selected without noticing particularly what it was—a book; this she opened and perused in a half dreamy state for a short time, when suddenly the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and as if she had been handling an adder she cast it from her and it fell upon the floor, and burying her face in her hands she burst into tears. At the same moment Madame Bouri entered the room and, picking up the volume, said:—"Really, Miss Herbert, you must not abuse my poor French authors in such a style. I really find them very entertaining in my leisure moments, and I recommend you to try their efficacy in dispelling the *ennui* which I daresay you feel."

"Madame," replied Lillian, "unless you can provide me with better material for study, do not insult me by offering advice; it is quite sufficient that I am already deprived of my liberty of person, without any endeavor to enthral the freedom of my thoughts by such unhallowed works. But now, I pray you, restore me to my friends; you will, I am confident, be liberally rewarded—no amount of gratitude, however substantially shown, will be wanting to prove the value of the service performed."

"I know it, Miss—I know it well; but *I* am not the principal party to this transaction; there is one for whom wealth, riches, or gratitude have no charms—*he* will not be swerved from his path by any such considerations."

"Then who is this man, and what would he have of me? Oh! if you have any compassion in your breast save me from his designs!"

"My dear girl, I see I have told you too much already; but do not fear, you are safe from him at present—further than this I cannot reveal. In the meantime, make the best of my friends in the bookcase."

"Madame, you have no mercy, you are and must be in league with this villain—nay, you must be worse than he, thus to assist in the contemplated ruin of one of your own sex; but, mark me, never shall I submit to the fate to which you would doom me; so you may spare yourself the pains you would take to drag me by any voluntary act on my part into the meshes of your net."

"Enough, Lillian, of this foolish talk! time works wonders, the day may not be far distant when you will be glad to look upon me as a benefactress, and thank me for the kindness I now show you."

On returning to her own apartments, Madame Bouri found her friend Col. French in waiting, who instantly advanced to greet her.

"Why, Madame, this is a sudden charge at this season from town to country; what on earth could tempt you at this, the most festive time of year, to leave the gaieties of New York and shut yourself up in this little box? What new scheme have you formed that requires such seclusion? Your note intimating your intention took me quite by surprise."

"My dear Colonel, you must not question me so closely; let it suffice for you, when I tell you that the change was made with an eye to your benefit."

"Then have you really any hope of discovering *her?* Have you anything to communicate to comfort me?"

"Nothing in the world, my friend, but while there is life there is hope; the great obstacle in *our* way is the large amount offered for her discovery by her friends and the authorities, and if we would not lose our prey means must be pitted against means. I am willing to do all that lies in my power—but are you, Colonel, prepared to stake heavily on the game?"

"Madame, I have stated already that nothing on earth shall stand between me and the possession of Miss Herbert; *that* is now the aim of my existence, and whatever the stake I am ready to run the risk. I have known you long enough to think I can depend upon you. Let me see, the united amounts offered as a reward reach $10,000; to-morrow, at the State Bank, you will find the sum of $5,000 placed to your credit, and on the day on which Lillian Herbert is placed within my reach a like sum I shall hand over to you."

"I see, Colonel, you fully appreciate the real state of the case; without such an assurance I should have been much hampered in my operations, but now, thanks to your liberality, the chances are in favor of an early and satisfactory completion of our plot. Do you intend returning to town to-night, Colonel?"

"Unfortunately I must. Delighted as you know I always am to spend a few hours in your company, I have engagements which are imperative, so you must pardon me for once."

"Ah! Colonel, you are a sad fellow, I am afraid—never tired of conquests, always on the look out for something fresh. I pity the poor rival that comes between you and your love."

"Upon my word, my dear Madame, you flatter me—but that's the way with all you women; but I must leave you, ten miles is no great distance to travel when one feels like it, and you may depend on seeing me again very soon at Rochelle Cottage—that I think is the name of your snuggery."

"Right, Colonel, and I need hardly assure you, you will always be a welcome visitor."

If the Colonel could have seen Madame Bouri a few moments after his departure, and could have listened to the soliloquy she indulged in, the suspicions he entertained that she was playing a double game would not have lacked much of confirmation; but though he felt almost certain that in this instance she was acting towards him in anything but good faith, he could not afford to break with her, she was too useful to him in all his schemes. He was convinced that her avarice had been roused to an extravagant height by the value set upon Miss Herbert by her friends, but if he hoped to gain the prize he felt that to a great extent he was in her hands, and could not help himself.

Rochelle Cottage was a place that Madame Bouri had secured ostensibly as a summer residence, but in reality she was aware that many of her schemes could not be safely carried out in a town house, and therefore found it convenient to rent this place, not far from the city to be sure, but still sufficiently apart from it to enable her to escape observation. It was built on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River, but on the land side was so shut out by woods and trees, that it might have been passed and repassed within a couple of hundred yards a thousand times without once being discovered. The apartments in which Lillian was confined were situated so that nothing but a small patch of garden, with a dense wood beyond, was visible; a little more cheering, but almost as effectually shutting out the world as a dead wall would have done.

It was about midnight; inside Rochelle cottage all was quiet. Lillian had at an early hour retired to rest; Lisette and the other female domestics lay crouched together in their bed in the attic, mourning with heartfelt sincerity their lonely condition; speculating as to what their sweethearts in town would do without them, and whether or no the ugly brute of a tinker, who that forenoon had asked the cook for a job and insulted her for refusing him, would return and cut all their throats, out of pure revenge. Madame Bouri was busily engaged disrobing for the night—and who can describe the mysteries of a French woman's toilet? if any one would be bold enough to expose the thousand and one little arts she resorts to to enhance her charms, no such sacriligious act shall desecrate these pages. Madame B. was one of those of whom it may be said that they are "when unadorned, adorned the most;" a painter or a sculpter would have made his fortune could he have faithfully reproduced the figure just then standing before the blazing fire in that little room. With one foot almost hidden in the yielding mat, the other rested with pointed toe upon the polished fender; the strong glare of the bright burning coal shone through the only almost gossamer robe which encircled her, throwing out in bold relief the outlines of a figure of which Venus herself might almost have envied her the possession; one dimpled elbow rested on the mantel piece, her hand supporting her head, thus allowing the loose garment hanging round her shoulders a freedom of play sufficient to display in all their glorious fullness the snowy globes of her bust; in her other hand her robe was slightly gathered and upheld, nearly to the knee, above the foot she was toasting in the grateful warmth of the fire; and as she stood gazing with downcast eyes amongst the burning embers, her face was radiant with triumphant smiles. It was plain that she was comfortable, both in mind and body. And why not? Her schemes were prospering beyond her expectations; what more could she want? Could she have but known that this was the last happy night she was to spend for a long time—but we must not anticipate.

It was an hour after midnight. Outside of Rochelle cottage all was not so quiet; the wind blew in fitful gusts across the Hudson river, and ever and anon would rattle among the leafless branches of the trees, scattering sprigs here and there in wild confusion, while large drops of rain would come pattering down for a little, then suddenly cease, and as suddenly begin again, as if uncertain what to be about. It was a dismal time for any one to be abroad, and yet from the trees at the back of the cottage there emerged two men, who, to judge from their appearance and conversation, rather liked this style of weather. Wrapped up in heavy overcoats, with immense comforters around their necks, almost entirely concealing their features, they paid little attention to either wind or rain.

"I say, Bill, are yer sartin this ere's the crib?"

"Blow me, Barney, does yer take me for a ninny? All right, my covey, 'ere's an old rag I dropped a purpose ven I was 'ere this forenoon, ven that blarsted blowen of a cook tipped me her jaw."

"Let's go a'ead at vunce, then; we've got some tramp to do afore daylight."

With cautious tread the burglars advanced till within a short distance of the premises, when each sat down and pulled on a pair of heavy worsted socks over his boots, the advantages of which were to deaden the sound of their steps, and to render any footmarks in the soft mould of the garden less liable to detection. Their first attempt at an entrance was at the front door, but here they were baffled, as it was secured in such a manner as to defy their efforts to open it, without more noise than they were desirous of making. They next tried one of the windows, and by breaking one of the small panes of glass they soon ascertained where the fastening was, unloosed it, and stepped into a room. By means of a small bull's-eye lantern, they found they had landed in the dining room; at one side stood a handsome sideboard, beneath which was an elegant mahogany box, strongly bound with brass. They first ransacked the former, and were rewarded by half a dozen plated spoons and a bottle of wine, in a bumper of which they drank better success. The box was next drawn out, and, after considerable trouble, forced open, when to their mortification they discovered that the mahogany was only the outside covering to an iron chest, the opening of which was a much more tedious operation, and was not performed without some noise; but at last it was accomplished, and they obtained considerable booty, which they deposited in sacks ready for removal. Barney was for an immediate start, but to this Bill objected; he wanted, he said, to make a clean thing of it at once. Barney, who generally played second fiddle to Bill, at last gave in, and they proceeded to make further explorations. Opening the door leading into the entry way, they opened one on the opposite side and found themselves in the chamber of Madame Bouri, where they laid their hands on a gold watch and many valuable trinkets. While thus engaged, a slight noise disturbed them, and turning round, they beheld Lisette and her companion, with light in hand, standing in the doorway. Like a sensible girl as she was, Lisette fainted right away, while the unfortunate cook fled, screaming at the top of her voice—"the tinker! the tinker!" With a curse, Bill bounded after her, and caught her as she was about to enter her room. Frantic with terror, her cries became more piercing, till Bill, drawing a bludgeon from his pocket, felled her to the floor, from which she was doomed never to rise again. Bill, returning to where he left Barney, found him standing over Madame Bouri, who had been awakened, threatening to blow her brains out should she make the least noise. On beholding Bill, her face grew whiter than the linen sheets around her, while he, with glaring eyes, rushed forward, and grasping her by the wrist, exclaimed:—

"Louise, you here! How in h-ll did you find yer way to this place? Vere's yer 'usband—I say, vere is he?"

"That is more than I can tell, Bill Jackson; indeed it is."

"Vell, ve can't stop to bandy words just now; but, mark me, I shall come some day soon and see you again, and take care that you be's 'ere—you know better than to give any alarm, so ye'd better not try, but yer 'ad better look to yer venches there."

Barney and he then dragged Lisette into the room, shut the door, turned the key in the lock, and with the proceeds of their expedition left.

Lisette was not long in coming to herself, and explained to her mistress how she and her fellow-servant had been disturbed by a noise in the room below and, coming down together to see if anything was the matter, had suddenly found themselves in the presence of the robbers; but nothing could induce her, till daylight should come to assist her, to open the door to look after the cook. Then a most horrible spectacle presented itself; the blow she had received had literally smashed in one side of her head, and there she lay stone dead, her face frightfully disfigured by the agonies of her death. Desperate was the perplexity of Madame Bouri and Lisette—to alarm the police would have been to entail a searching examination of themselves and the premises, and the probable discovery of Lillian Herbert, besides which, Madame Bouri had evidently some other weighty private reasons for avoiding giving publicity to the affair. They agreed, therefore, to secrete the body themselves, and that very day, after hours of hard labor, succeeded in digging a hole large enough in the corner of an out house where they deposited the corpse, and covered it up out of sight with very little ceremony.

As for Lillian, from the position of her rooms and, possibly, because they had double doors and were otherwise rendered impenetrable to sound, she slept without disturbance, and neither Lisette or her mistress took any pains to enlighten her in any way about the matter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRAIN WORK.—No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner—a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post-prandial labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are the words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who, in his last illness, foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain work. "As for bidding me not work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say—'Now, don't boil!'" It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well-organized brain demands exercise, and, like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasant brain work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens the brain. It is the hard, thankless task work which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum; it is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working out of great monetary transactions which produces that silent and terrible *ramollissement* which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.

A SMART EXEMPT.—One of the exempted conscripts, of Hollis-ton, mowed an acre of heavy standing grass in seven hours and a half, on a wager of $300—time given to do it in, 11 hours. He received his cash as soon as the job was finished.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. K. M., Poughkeepsie.—1. Macready made his last appearance on any stage Wednesday, February 26th, 1851, at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as Macbeth. 2. He is still living. An obituary has not appeared in the CLIPPER. 3. Emma Taylor died at her mother's residence in this city, February 24, 1863, from injuries received by a fall while playing in New Haven, Ct., with Laura Keene's company. 4. Edwin Booth was born November, 1833, in Harford Co., near Baltimore, Md.

STRANGER, Worcester, Mass.—1. After Heenan's fight with Sayers, his (Heenan's) right eye was closed, but of the left, though swollen, the sight was clear and distinct. He was better able to continue the fight than Sayers. 2. Sayers' right arm was severely hurt, but not disabled. 3. Heenan was *not* in good condition when he fought Morrissey.

S. S. W.—1. Eleven miles and a half in 59m. 44sec. by Deerfoot. 2. Eight miles in 1h. 2m., walked by Charley Westhall. 3. Four miles in 32m. 11sec. ditto by Jimmy Miles. 4. One mile in 4m. 21½sec. run by Lang. 5. One mile in 6m. 42sec. walked by Billy Boyd.

PINE TREE, Bangor, Me.—1. Had your letter been mailed on the day it was written, the items would have reached us in time for our last issue; they are useless now. Your note bears date Aug. 15, and the postmark is Aug. 18. 2. Helen Western is in England.

C. G., Monmouth, Iowa.—1. They count two for the Euchre only; the adversary must have had a very feeble lone hand. 2. A march is made by securing all the tricks, by partners. 3. We do not know of any such phrase used in this section of the country.

D. F. M.—1. B is entitled to all the tricks for that hand. 2. C and B are entitled to one point, being the penalty attached to B's misplay.

J. W. A., Louisville, Ky.—The first seven numbers (except No. 1) of the "Secret Conclave" are out of print. The remainder we can serve you with at six cents a copy.

FORTY-FIVES, Boston.—"Suppose A and B are playing forty-fives, and hearts are not trumps; must B play a heart if he has no trumps, if the ace of hearts is led?".....Yes.

BALCONY, Washington.—1. The lady you inquire about is not one of "the Sisters." 2. Miss M. M. is at present in this city. 3. We do not know of the whereabouts of the last named lady.

YES, Columbus, Ohio.—Take our advice and give up all thoughts of going on the stage. Turn your attention to some other pursuit.

F. H., Newark, N. J.—We know of one gentleman who travels by that name, and it is his *bona fide* name.

CONSCRIPT, 9th Ward.—He can play either the spade or a tramp, whichever he prefers.

J. B. W., Tipton, Missouri.—No such letter has come to hand.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the time of going to press, we had heard nothing from Mr. Hamill in reply to the offer of a gentleman to pay him $200 to row on the Hudson. From Newburg, we have a letter from Ward, in which he makes a fresh proposition, offering to row Hamill on Lake Champlain, for one thousand dollars a side. The following is a copy of the letter:—

NEWBURG, August 24, '63.

MR. QUEEN: If Mr. Hamill will not accept two hundred dollars for expenses to row me again on the Hudson, I will in this instance depart from my resolution not to row away from that river, to accommodate him, and row on neutral water. I will row him a five mile race, for one thousand dollars a side, in four weeks after the first deposit, on Lake Champlain, and pay his traveling expenses from New York to the Lake and back. I will give him a smooth course, and co-operate with him in a friendly spirit in every arrangement towards making the race a satisfactory one. If he is disposed to accept, it is a go; if not, I trust this will end our correspondence.

As the Hudson is as much Mr. Fay's river as mine, I will row him a five mile race, for five hundred dollars a side, at Yonkers, which is but sixteen miles from New York, while it is forty miles from Newburg. I will row him in six weeks from the first deposit. I hope we can come to terms on this proposition, or end the matter. I will be prepared at your office to make this race at the earliest convenience. With respect,

JOSHUA WARD.

THE BIG FISTIC MATCH.—There has not been a single breach in making the deposits for the great match between John C. Heenan and Tom King, the "equiv." being regularly forthcoming on the dates laid down in the programme, while in most instances the men themselves have put in an appearance, thereby investing the ceremony of making the deposits with a great deal more interest than would otherwise be the case. Ten thousand dollars is a big stake to fight for, and we believe such a large amount has seldom been ventured, in stake money, on a pugilistic encounter. Hyer and Sullivan, in their memorable battle in February, 1849, fought for ten thousand dollars, but that was a match of unusual importance, and upwards of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands, in outside bets, on the result of that extraordinary event. But little betting, so far, has been done in the Heenan and King match, the sports preferring to see the men well in training before venturing their surplus cash. The "belligerents" are well matched, and though Heenan may be the choice of those "well up" in fistic lore, it will not do to ignore the abilities of his opponent, for King is young, tough, big, active, game, and a very fair two-handed hitter; and the Boy must not lose sight of these facts. Soon the parties will enter upon their course of training, and then speculation will commence.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP is a topic referred to with enthusiasm by the respective friends of Dudley Kavanagh and John Seereiter, and were it not for the dog days with which we have been afflicted of late, we should be able, no doubt, to give the quotations of the affairs in its financial aspect. As it is, however, comparatively nothing is being done in that way, a few small bets at slight odds on Kavanagh being all that have come to our knowledge. October 15th will be less than two months getting here, when we may look with certainty for big billiards and heavy investments. Both men are on the quiet just now, playing only sufficiently to keep their hands in; but when Charleston is taken, the draft put through, and the summer solstice is gone in search of Sir John Franklin, they will go right in to improve their *physique* for the encounter.

NOVEL GUN—SHOOTING ROUND A CORNER.—A novel invention in gunnery has recently been exhibited on the grounds of the Central Skating Park, Chicago, being nothing less than a realization of the supposed impossible but earnestly desired idea of "shooting round a corner." Any and every example of "vertical fire" practically does this: but this exhibition claims to realize the idea horizontally. The model used weighs 150 lbs, and is, in appearance, an ordinary mortar, and throws a three inch ball to any distance desired, within range, and is capable of throwing the shot so as to strike an object either horizontally or perpendicularly, the ball describing an exact curve.

CHICAGO DRIVING PARK.—The formal opening of the grounds of this Association is set down for the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th inst., during which days a grand series of purses will be put up (not "put up" jobs, mind) for competition. The liberal sum of $1500 is distributed into the various purses of $100, and $200; the opening purse to be $300, the closing one $500, for which last the winner of the $300 purse will not be allowed to compete. One of the $200 purses is for stallions exclusively, and a $100 is for pacers.

RUSTICATING AT SARATOGA.—Old Bill Tovee is among the gay and festive cusses at the Springs, enjoying the moonlight hops and bad lager so proverbial at our watering places. It is not true that Sweet William went up to officiate as judge of the great race meeting recently held there on the Morrissey track.

A CRICKET MATCH is to take place on the grounds of the St. George club, Hoboken, on Sept. 2d, between the strength of the Willow and St. George clubs. The former eleven will include Messrs. Hudson, Hammond, Pearce, Sharp, Bainbridge, Higham, Lindsay, Sprague, Stokes, Andrews, and Torrance. Were it not for the practice of charging ten cents admission to the above grounds, a large number of spectators would be there.

WOULDN'T PAY.—Twenty-five cents a head wouldn't pay the boys for catching dogs, so we understand that the tariff was raised to fifty cents, and the number of lost, strayed, and stolen dogs has increased accordingly.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT.

In regard to the merry mill between those two ponderous and powerful pugilists—Heenan and King—fixed to take place in December next, very little can be gleaned from our foreign exchanges of late dates. The *Illustrated Sporting News*, however, in its issue of Aug. 8, quotes largely from the CLIPPER on that and other subjects, and in referring to the big battle says:—

"Everything progresses most favorably in this all-absorbing match of the Christmastide month. The gallant hero of Troy has finished his circus business, and has been recruiting his energies at Brighton previous to his departure into preparatory training. King will return to town on Monday, Aug. 10, specially to attend Mace's benefit at Mr. J. C. Baum's, White Lion, Hackney Wick. The next instalment, of £50 a side, has to be staked at Mr. Hendeburg's, David and Harp, Fore street, Limehouse, on the 13th inst., and Tom is sure to have a bumper at his old quarters."

A few days more than three months from the date of this issue and the great day will be here, with its exciting scenes and merry times. In America as well as England, all hands will be on the *qui vive* to find out the latest news, and the successive steamers due about that time will be expected to make fast time to appease the intense interest of the public. The CLIPPER, as a matter of course, will be in extra demand then, for the public know full well, that it is the only paper on which they can rely for *the earliest correct sporting news*. The big battle will, we think, be a toughly contested one, because of the nearness in size, weight, and age of the two combatants, and will equal, if not surpass, the great fight on Farnborough's field. The notes of preparation are already sounding, and in a short time it will be *the* topic of interest in the sporting world. So clear the deck, and prepare for the encounter between these two Monitors of pugilism!

A BIG BATTLE, for $2000, was fixed to take place in the British P. R. on August 11, between Bob Travers and Jem Dillon, and at last advices it was the chief topic of interest in sporting circles. The *Illustrated Sporting News* says of it:—

"The men will be sure to be found in good trim on the day of fighting; and they will have to go to scale at 9st 12lb on Monday, Aug. 10, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, at Mr. J. C. Baum's, Hackney Wick, where Mace's benefit is to take place. As we have alluded to elsewhere, all the leading celebrities of sport in London are sure to be present, and so a *monstre* benefit may be anticipated. Bob Travers will be at his own house, the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Castle street, Leicester square, on Sunday night. He has been training at Surbiton, near Kingston, under the very attentive care of Frank Harley, and looks the pink of condition. He has been taking his breathings in the neighborhood of Hungerford, under the custodianship of Bob Fuller, one of our few most experienced trainers left. Jem will arrive in town on Saturday, and take up his quarters with Mr. John Patten, Bedfordbury. His colors are a cream-colored ground kerchief, with green crossings and filligree border.

SHOULDER STRAPS.—*A Novel of New York and the Army*, by Henry Morford. One of those works we should be glad to analyze and review, but our space forbids. Of it briefly, then:—Profound, or powerful, not any; shrewd, often; evidences of keen editorial tact, everywhere; its word pictures distinct and attractive; its characters, strongly marked, of pleasing diversity, and admirably consistent; its touches of philosophy, for the most part, suggestive of thought and sound in basis; its trash, trashy enough; its humor, genial and appreciable; its satires, keen, searching, and prolonged; its *expose* of official corruption free and fearless, and—would We would honestly believe—not useless; its *denoument*, though tragic is not shocking, in any sense; its "200dth Reg't," will be "a character of the times;" and its "Battle of Malvern Hill," is a "Marmion" in Prose. Many of the chapters are very readable, and some, even thrilling. "McClellan is our man," but in the 2d edition we would have a few buts, and ifs, and perhapses taken out. Admirably put up—except in its *horribly "scrimped" margins*, fy!—in 12 mo., pp. 482, muslin, $1,50; or, 2 Vols., paper, $1,00. T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—We are to have an abundance of this game bird in our markets this fall, we presume, for advices from the great west state that they never were so abundant. In certain districts it is said that guns are discarded as being too slow in massacring the innocents, and clubs and stones are used to bring them to terms. It is also said that some farmers pay sportsmen to help rid their farms of what, in their great numbers, are nuisances. We hope we shall not be considered as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, if we suggest that General Lee should make a raid out that way, and recuperate his jaded army on game.

FISHING in the waters round and about New York, has been slow sport since the torrid term commenced, and it is supposed that the blue, black, and wheat fish, etc., have followed the "codfish" into more rural districts and sea side retreats. By September 1st, they will have returned to their usual haunts, when tempting baits will be abundantly offered them by enthusiastic Waltonians.

THE BLINDFOLD DRAUGHT MATCH now in process between Uncle Sam and his nephews, is said by some to be a X. A good many will consider it a hard X to bear, no doubt.

AQUATICS.

A SIX OARED SHELL BOAT, AND OARS, built by McKay, for sale, cheap, at the boat building shop of STEPHEN ROBERTS, corner of 114th street and Avenue A. Harlem, or address 368 South street. STEPHEN ROBERTS. 20-1t*

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—The members of this club, and all that will assist in getting up the Eighth Annual Rowing Regatta, will please meet at the National, Third avenue, between 35th and 36th streets, on THURSDAY EVENING, August 27th. STEPHEN ROBERTS, President.
J. D. R. PUTMAN, Secretary, *pro tem.* 20 1t

TROY REGATTA.—Our friends in Troy contemplate having a regatta in that vicinity, on or about the 10th inst.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—A meeting of this club is called for Thursday evening, August 27th, to take some action in regard to the Annual Regatta. See advertisement.

SCULLING AT ALBANY, N. Y.—The sculling match for the Junior Champion Flag came off on Thursday, August 20th, at Albany. The trial race between Lovett and Buckbee—to decide who should row the winner of the Champion race—took place at 5½ o'clock, and was won by Buckbee, who reached the Judges' stake boat a few lengths in advance of his competitor. The second Champion race, between young Sawyer and Brown, came off shortly after six o'clock, and was won with great ease by Sawyer. He reached the stake boat five hundred yards in advance of Brown, and this, too, after running foul of a tow. Quite a large sum of money changed hands. Odds were freely offered and taken on Sawyer, who still retains the name of Champion.

REGATTA AT CORNWALL.—Preparations are making to have an excellent day's sport at Cornwall, on the 3d of September, on the occasion of the regatta at that place. A variety of races will take place for numerous prizes.

NEW RACE BOAT FOR YALE.—Mr. Stephen Roberts of this city, is building a shell for Yale College; it is to be 45 feet in length, and is already progressing favorably towards completion.

BILLIARD MATCH AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—A billiard match was played there at the rooms of McElroy and Henry on the 20th inst., between Peter Smith and Jas. E. Scram, full game, 500 points up Smith won by 25 points. The largest runs were Smith 102, Scram 95. A return match is talked of.

A BELLRINGER KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A man fell a victim at Blotzheim (Haut-Rhin) a short time back to the superstitious custom prevalent in many rural districts of tolling the church bells during a storm to drive away thunder. Three men had been sent to the belfry for the above purpose during a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the church tower, and desending one of the bell ropes, killed the ringer who held it.

CURLING AT HOME.—A home game of curling has been invented in Scotland. The rink is made of strong plate glass, rendered smooth as ice by a liquid preparation. The rink can be made to any size, but for private parties, one of twenty-one feet long by four broad will be amply large. The curling stones are of finely polished Aberdeen and Peterhead granite, between three and four pounds weight, mounted with silver handles.

A FAST HORSE.—In "Lady Morgan's Memoirs" a story is told of a gentleman who was denouncing a certain bishop, and concluded a violent phillipic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical that he would "eat a horse on Ash Wednesday!" "Of course he would," said a friend of the bishop, "of course he would, if it was a fast horse!"

MILITARY MANIA.—Even Brigham Young's wives, it is stated, are affected with the military spirit; they call their Mormon husband "Briggy dear!"

CRICKET.

SATELLITE VS. MANHATTAN.—These cricket clubs, the former a Williamsburgh, the latter a New York organization, played a match on the 18th inst., at Williamsburgh, which resulted in some first rate amusement, fair cricket, and the defeat of the Manhattan club, by a grand total score of 149 to 83. The score:—

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Tilley c and b Livesey	14	b Livesey	4
Cox b Tucker	1	st Walker b Livesey	11
Walker b Livesey	1	st Walker b Livesey	27
T Sammond b Livesey	3	b Livesey	19
Palin not out	9	b Tucker	9
Wright c Walker b Livesey	1	run out	1
Hobley b Livesey	0	not out	8
Bennett b Livesey	0	c and b Tucker	1
Philpott b Livesey	1	l b w b Livesey	2
Till b Tucker	3	l b w b Livesey	7
Sammond c Livesey b Tucker	8	c and b Livesey	0
Byes 9, leg byes 3, wide 1	13	byes 4, wide 1, no ball 1	6
Total	54	Total	95

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Livesey b Tilley	4	b Cox	4
H Tucker c Wright b Tilley	9	c Tilley b Cox	0
Clarendon b Tilley	10	c Palin b Cox	2
Walker b Tilley	0	c Bennett b Tilley	0
Boyd b Cox	1	b Tilley	4
J Tucker c Tilley b Cox	0	not out	1
Neeves b Cox	2	c Palin b Cox	6
Weston b Cox	9	c Hobley b Tilley	0
Simms b Tilley	9	c T Sammond b Cox	0
Franklin not out	4	b Tilley	5
Ryan b Tilley	0	c Walker b Tilley	0
Byes 2, leg bye 1, wides 5	8	byes 2, wides 2, no ball 1	5
Total	56	Total	27

Umpires—for Satellite, Mr. Hudson; for Manhattan, Mr. Weightman.

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.—On Thanksgiving day, August 6, the members and friends of the Union club, of Cincinnati, enjoyed a match at cricket played between sides chosen from the married and single, which resulted in some good play, much amusement, and in favor of the married. There were prizes offered for successful willow wielding, Parkham receiving a fine steel engraving representing the retreat from Naseby, as the first prize for the married; and Capt. Britton the second, a pair of leg guards. On the part of the single, J. S. Newton was the recipient of the first prize, a cricket bat; and Mr. Howe, the second, a pair of gloves. The bowling of Messrs. Coolidge, Weldon, Howe, and S. Harvey, is said to have been capital, hence the comparatively small scores. The score:—

MARRIED.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Coolidge c J Newton b Howe	4	b S Harvey	3
J Ellard b Howe	0	b Howe	0
Weldon cH Harvey bS Harvey	11	c Kemper b Harvey	5
T Byron c Brockenshire b S Harvey	6	not out	8
Britton b S Harvey	0	c Cassidy b Harvey	13
Benson b Howe	2	c J Newton b Howe	1
Packham c Fenwick b Howe	17	c Brockenshire b S Harvey	4
Golding b Harvey	2	c Fenwick b S Harvey	4
Piercy b Harvey	8	c J Newton b Howe	0
Lewis b Harvey	2	b S Harvey	4
Jones not out	0	run out	5
George b Howe	0	c Booth b Harvey	0
Baldwin l b w b Howe	2	run out	3
Guild c Ellard b S Harvey	0	c Kemper b Howe	0
leg bye 1, wides 2	3	leg byes 2, wides 2	4
Total	57	Total	54

SINGLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
S Harvey c G Ellard b Coolidge	2	l b w b Coolidge	2
H Harvey b Coolidge	0	run out	0
Howe b Coolidge	0	c Baldwin b Coolidge	14
J Newton b Weldon	1	run out	16
Fenwick b Weldon	4	c G Ellard b Packham	0
Cassidy b Weldon	1	c and b Coolidge	2
J Ellard b Weldon	0	b Weldon	7
DeBeck run out	3	b Weldon	0
A Newton b Weldon	0	c G Ellard b Piercy	4
Brockenshire c Packham b Coolidge	0	b Piercy	2
Smith b Weldon	3	not out	1
Booth b Weldon	0	c Byron b Packham	0
Kemper run out	1	c G Ellard b Coolidge	5
Banyard not out	0	c G Ellard b Coolidge	5
Byes 2, leg bye 1	3	byes 2, wides	4
Total	18	Total	62

The return match is to be played on the 22d inst.

CRICKET IN CANADA.—On the 15th inst., at Hamilton, C. W., a cricket match was played between the "Seven" and the "Fourteen" of that city, but it turned out little better than a "scratch" match. The "Fourteen," were disappointed of seven or eight of their best men; and the "Seven" mustering only six, the seventh player was supplied from the ranks of the "Fourteen," who were left to find "any other man" to complete their number. The "Seven" took the first innings, in which they scored 77, 64 off the bat—of which Benjamin played an innings of 32 off loose, low bowling. The "Fourteen" only succeeded in making 42 before their last wicket fell. Subjoined is the score:—

SEVEN.

Benjamin b F Geddes	32	Little c and b Snow	5
Park b Snow	11	Young b J Geddes	1
Young b Snow	3	Byes, etc	13
Kennedy not out	10	Total	77
Duggan c R Young b Snow	2		

FOURTEEN.

Biggar b Duncan	0	C Young b Duggan	6
H Geddes c Duggan b Park	0	Cameron b Kennedy	1
Snow b Duggan	2	Wetenhall c Benj'mn b Ken'dy	0
Bethune run out	0	Street not out	0
Childs run out	3	Milne b Duggan	3
F Geddes c Young b Duggan	14	Byes, etc	3
Wink c Young b Duggan	2	Total	42
Cox b Duggan	1		
Hebden c Benjamin b Duggan	7		

GRIMSBY VS. WELLINGTON SQUARE.—These Canadian cricket clubs played a match game on the Wellington Square's grounds, on the 15th inst. Grimsby scored 75 in their first innings and 63 in their second. The Square scored 34 in their first, and 45 in their second innings, with four wickets to fall. The match was decided by the first innings.

BENEFIT OF PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.—A cricket match between the strength of New York and Long Island, respectively, is contemplated for the benefit of the professional players, Sam, and his son Harry, Wright, Wm. Crossley, and Wm. Hammond, to be played on Sept. 16th and 17th, on the grounds of the St. George club, Hoboken. An effort is also made to have a base ball match on the same grounds for the same object, on the 18th. We hope it will prove a success.

LOST—On the New York Cricket ground, a pair of spectacles. The finder will please return them to the "What Is It?" Barnum's Museum. No questions asked.

BALL PLAY.

MUTUAL VS ECKFORD.—The second nines of these clubs played their return match, on the Union Ball Grounds, at Williamsburgh, on Wednesday, August 19th, the result being a terrible defeat for the Mutuals, the Eckfords winning by the score of 53 to 13. With the nine the Mutuals had we cannot conceive how they let the Eckfords run up such a score. Five times did the Mutuals draw blanks, while the Eckfords scored runs in every innings. This game closes the series between them, the Eckfords having won two games in succession. Spence led the score on the Eckford side, getting no less than ten runs, Bogert's score of 4 being the best on the Mutual side. The score:—

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H.L.	RUNS	ECKFORD.	H.L.	RUNS
Gavagan, 2d b	4	1	Brown, 2d b	4	6
Bogert, p	0	4	Spence, c	0	10
Green, l f	3	2	J Grum, p	3	6
Sullivan, r f	1	4	G Grum, 3d b	3	6
Kelly, l f	4	1	Swandell, l f	3	5
Taylor, 3d b	5	0	Travis, s s	4	4
McConnell, 1st b	3	1	Courtney, l f	6	3
Bennett, s s	3	0	Smith, 1st b	2	7
Harris, c	4	0	Mills, r f	2	6
Total	13		Total	53	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	0	0	0	2	0	5	3	0	3—13
Eckford	4	5	11	3	1	13	4	7	5—53

Umpire—Mr. Wilson, of the Resolute club.
Scorers—Messrs. McClellan and Rice.

STAR VS EMPIRE.—These prominent clubs, of Brooklyn and New York, had their first match together, on Tuesday, August 18th, the result being a signal victory for the Stars, by a score of 28 to 9, in a game of less than three hours duration, the contest being marked by a fine display of batting on the Star side, and good fielding by both nines, in a majority of instances. The Empires felt the loss of their regular pitcher, catcher and long stop, Messrs. Ward, Benson and Hoyt being among the absentees. But for this circumstance the game would undoubtedly have been more favorable in its results to the Empires. Of the Stars, Norton, Waddell and Herbert specially distinguished themselves in the field, and McDiarmed, Herbert, Lennon and Thompson in run getting, the former getting two home runs. Norton also made one by a fine hit. On the Empire side, Russell took the lead in batting, and Sebring in fielding; Culyer and Miller being the next best scorers at the bat. The score:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H.L.	RUNS	EMPIRE.	H.L.	RUNS
Mitchell, c	4	2	Westervelt, 3d b	5	0
Waddell, 1st b	4	3	Sebring, 1st b	5	0
Norton, l f	2	3	Russell, c	1	4
Lennon, r f	4	4	Miller, p	3	2
Herbert, 2d b	2	4	Wilson, l f	2	1
Flanders, s s	3	3	Culyer, c f	1	2
McDiarmed, 3d b	2	4	Ryder, s s	4	0
Thompson, c f	2	4	Many, r f	3	0
Kelly, p	4	1	Simms, 2 b	3	0
Total	28		Total	9	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	6	6	6	0	1	0	3	1	5—28
Empire	4	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	0—9

Umpire—Mr. Snow, of Henry Eckford club.
Scorers—Messrs. Worth and Gaut.
Passed balls—Russell, 9; Ryder, 1; Mitchell, 8.
Struck out—Westervelt, 1; Sebring, 1; Simms, 1.
Home runs—Norton, 1; McDiarmed, 2.
Fly catches made—Ryder, 3; Sebring, 1; Russell, 1; Waddell, 2; Flanders, 2; Mitchell, 1; Herbert, 1; Thompson, 1.
Catches missed—Russell, 2; Culyer, 1; Many, 1; Wilson, 1; Kelly, 1; Waddell, 1; McDiarmed, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Stars, twice; Empires, twice.
Put out at first base—Stars, 8 times; Empires, 12 times.
Time of game—two hours and forty-five minutes.

BASE BALL AT UTICA, N. Y.—The match between the Niagara Base Ball Club, of Utica, and the Enterprise of Troy, came off on the grounds of the former, on Wednesday, August 19th, and proved rather a tame affair, the Utica boys making a very poor show. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

NIAGARA.	H.L.	RUNS	ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	RUNS
C Vedder, p	3	1	Leavensworth, p	4	2
Crocker r f	3	1	VanAntwerp, l f	2	4
Millard, c	4	0	Keefe, 2d b	2	2
J Vedder, l f	2	1	Gilbert, s s	5	1
Burke, s s	2	0	Graves, c	1	3
Spell, 3d b	4	0	Baxter, l f	3	3
Westcott, 2d b	3	0	Truesdell, 1st b	3	2
Wells, c f	3	1	Penfield, 3d b	3	2
West, 1st b	3	1	Shortele, l f	4	1
Total	5		Total	20	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Niagara	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0—5
Enterprise	1	1	5	4	0	1	3	3	2—20

STAR VS RESOLUTE.—These clubs played the first of a home and home series between them on Saturday, August 22d, on the Union ball grounds, Brooklyn, the result being the success of the Stars by a score of 16 to 13, in a well contested game of nine innings. Both parties had good nines out, but the Stars were on hand in their full strength, whereas the Resolutes were minus two or three of their regular players, having but eight men in their first innings. Under these circumstances their play throughout the game may be considered very creditable indeed. Of that of the Stars, in the early part of the game their general play was not up to their high mark, but afterwards it was improved considerably. The Resolutes took the lead, but lost it at the close of the fifth innings, at which time the Stars stood 13 to the Resolute's 12; from that time to the close the Stars were ahead. In fielding, on the part of the Stars, the play of Flanders and Waddell was excellent, the former's play at short field being the feature of the game in fielding. Waddell, too, was very effective in his play at first base, a beautiful one handed fly catch eliciting hearty applause. Thompson as catcher, was the right man in the right place, and Manly at third—one of the original Stars—was also effective in his general play. On the Resolute side the in-field was faithfully attended, and the catching and pitching also, Allen's play behind being first-rate. The outer field, on both sides, was not played up to the mark of either club. In batting, Flanders took the lead on the Star side, and Morrison on that of the Resolutes. Mr. Brown, of the Mutual club, ably discharged the duties of Umpire, and the game was a gentlemanly played one throughout. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H.L.	RUNS	RESOLUTE.	H.L.	RUNS
Mitchell, c f	3	1	Rogers, s s	2	3
Waddell, 1st b	4	1	Wilson, r f	3	1
Norton, l f	5	0	Stanton, 3d b	5	1
Lennon, r f	3	2	Allen, c	3	2
Herbert, 2d b	3	2	Morrison, p	2	2
Manly, 3d b	1	4	A Rogers, 1st b	3	1
Flanders, s s	1	4	Weeden, 2d b	3	1
Thompson, c	3	2	Cowperthwaite, c f	3	1
Kelly, p	4	0	Bennett, l f	3	1
Total	16		Total	13	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	0	6	3	0	4	0	1	1	1—16
Resolute	2	4	3	1	2	0	1	0	0—13

Scorers—Messrs. McDiarmed and Warner.
Passed balls—Allen, 6. Mitchell, 7; Thompson, 1.
Home run—Flanders, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Stars, 8 times; Resolutes, 3 times.
Struck out—Resolutes, 4 times.
Put out at first base—Stars, 7 times; Resolutes, 9 times.
Fly catches made—Stars, 5; Resolutes, 8.
Catches missed—Stars, 6; Resolutes, 7.
Time of game—three hours.

TALL PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—On the 11th inst., two men, named Robb and Freeman, walked from Hamilton, C. W., to Simcoe, a distance of forty-five miles, in eleven hours. They came in quite fresh, and were in such excellent trim for further efforts, that a couple of friends from Simcoe, who went two or three miles out of town to meet them, had great difficulty in keeping pace with them.

ROMAN BALL PLAYERS.—The National Base Ball Club of Rome, N. Y., have elected the following officers:—President, Wm. Jenkins; Vice President, C. S. Stedman; Secretary, H. F. Curtiss; Treasurer, Dayton Locke; Directors, A. Robinson, James F. Benton, Joseph Johnson. A match was played on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 6, between the married and single men of the club, resulting in a complete victory for the single men, they making 37 and the married men 20 runs.

BILLIARDS.

WHO IS HANK MUDGE?—It is desirable to know, because in the *Herald* of the 22d, he challenged Isadore to a French game of billiards. "Tivag" says he's a myth, *alias* Neil Bryant, *alias* Chris. Connor. In other words, we understand he is a ghost. We expect to see Isadore run his cue through the ghost or one of his aliases when they meet.

STONO INLET CAPTURED.—A numerous army of billiard artillerymen and lancers, regulars and volunteers, under the command of Brigadier General Phelan, B. C. U. S., by a brilliant stroke of strategy captured Stono Inlet, corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, on the evening of the 18th inst. Valuable stores fell into the assaulting party's hands, including ten of Phelan's £80 combinations, and appropriate ammunition. These the party proceeded at once to confiscate, meeting with no opposition from Commander Jackson Stone, who was evidently disposed to be friendly, and aided them in their search for groceries and rations. After a little brisk firing, with small arms, Phelan and Kavanagh trained their big guns and fired 29 shots apiece, which resulted in Phelan's knocking over 500 cart loads of dirt, while Kavanagh demolished 432. Each shot told with fearful effect, as follows:—

Phelan....0 16 41 14 36 18 0 23 12 5 27 3 9 11 4 33
0 5 6 65 17 32 5 0 0 82 20 10 11—Total, 500
Kavanagh..0 2 41 2 5 69 0 16 16 28 41 13 0 58 0 30
0 0 17 3 5 39 7 12 10 5—Total, 432

After the above bombardment, Kavanagh and Isadore had a little French practice, which, after nine and eight shots respectively, resulted in the following statistics:—
Kavanagh..0 2 1 8 0 1 17 0 1—30 | Isadore. ....5 3 0 14 2 1 2 0—27

After devouring the last "bolonee sassinger," and emptying the last well, retreat was sounded, and the troops retired to their respective head quarters, flushed with victory, and in the best of spirits. The last straggler came into camp early next morning, and all was quiet along the lines.

THE INFERNAL REVENUE.—That's what a profane but unfortunate proprietor of a billiard saloon calls it, since Commissioner Lewis has ordered the levying of $15 on each table, instead of $5, which is no doubt contrary to the meaning of the law or the intention of its framers. Father Abraham will strengthen his cause by deposing all such illiberal constructionists as Lewis. While the $15 are levied, the order to administer the oath might be suspended, as it is taken voluntarily and irefully on almost every occasion.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—A match, at fifty single and twenty-five double birds each, has been arranged to come off at Buffalo, N. Y., on Thursday, October 8th, between W. King, of Springfield, Ill., and James Shannon, of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. King giving his old opponent twenty five dead birds, viz.: King shoots at twenty-five double and fifty single; Shannon shooting at twenty-five double and twenty-five single; according to the rules of the Forrester club, Buffalo: 18 yards rise for double and 21 for single; double guns to be used. Much betting will probably take place, and the odds given *ought* to make Shannon the favorite.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—A grand rifle match is to take place at Montreal on Wednesday, Sept. 16th, and to be continued for a few days.

4. [1613] - 162 (1863).

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Frank Wyant—California letter; Lew Brimmer; Edgar Starr; Artemus Ward; Wm. H. Lewis; Charles Chase—Peak Family; James Reynolds—clown; Henry F. Stone—comedian; G. W. Harrison; G. W. Fleming; F. A. Gossin; Lewis Baker; Theo. Jacob—formerly agent for George Christy; Isaac N. Carr; and Harry Stephens.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY, August 24, '63.

We are now undergoing the overbearing ordeal--riotously speaking—of the conscription, otherwise coolly designated as the draft. It is astonishing what a law-abiding community we are, especially when the law is backed up by a bold front of soldiers and artillery. There is not a murmur against the draft—even the blind man, who draws out the names, has not been molested, and he can neither see nor understand it, it is so unlike the former attempt. Now, everything goes on like clockwork—not a man has had his head stove in; not an orphan asylum has been burned; not an awning post has been made to do undignified duty as a gallows for the suspension of "Niggers." And all because of our love of law and, order, under the circumstances. Ministers of the gospel are drafted, and murmur not; actors are caught up in the whirlwind, and submit to their fate with Christian fortitude and resignation; our pugilistic friends are not sacred against the wily encroachments of the drafting officers; merely remarking that "there is a divinity which shapes their ends rough," they stand the storm, pay the price, or send in a sub.; "men who some of the papers call rioters" have not been forgotten, many of their names having been picked from the wheel of fate; yet peace reigns, and the majesty of the law is vindicated. All classes are represented in the conscription. Next comes the exemption hearing, when the sickly character of our people will be made at once manifest, and few will wheel into line.....The "Ghost" family is increasing, and shadowy spectres meet us where'er we go. We know a lady who says she distinctly saw a ghost in her bed-room the other night; "it" was shapen like a man, made motions like a man, and had it not been that no man *could* get into *her* room, she would have felt convinced that "it" *was* a man. We all came to the conclusion, however, that "it" must have been one of the newly imported ghosts. What *will* become of us? Here is a newly imported conundrum, as an accompaniment to the spectral illusions:—"Why is the Ghost like a bad conundrum? Because it is *seen through* at once." Ain't bad for an adaptation, is it?.....Business was quite good at our theatres and halls of amusement last week, the weather in the early portion of the week being cool and delightful, both in-doors and out. Managers are busily engaged in perfecting their arrangements for the fall campaign, which promises to be lively, and the competition unusually spirited—no allusion to ghosts, mind. There will be Laura Keene's, Mrs. Robertson's Broadway, Niblo's, Winter Garden, Barnum's, Wallack's, Butler's American, and Bryants', and Wood's Minstrels, all on Broadway, to say nothing of a score of minor places; while in the Bowery there will be the New and Old Theatres, a Dutch Theatre, and probably a minstrel company, leaving out "Dutch Gartens," and sing songs without number. The Academy, in 14th street, will be in full blaze, while Mr. Nixon promises to give us a show in close proximity to the 14th street music shop. Verily, everything but the draft promises to make us "gay and happy" during the coming season.....Talking of music, who do you think got drafted in the 15th Ward the other day? Why, W. H. Fry, the musical critic of the *Tribune*. The draft cuts down all, both great and small, and ye professional critic now knows what is meant by the key note of the conscription. William, sound your A, please .....Say, that was a high old affair up at 72d street, last Thursday. It was called the "Waiter Girls' Festival," but the poor waiter girls, it appears, had nothing to do with it, and our reporter could not ascertain who got the thing up. It was a "blasted shame" to attempt to fasten such an affair upon the pretty waiter girls. There were but few girls there—"there was Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate"—but there was a big lot of "lovers," and such like. A report of the scene is given in another paragraph.....We hear good accounts of the circus business this year. A couple of shrewd New York operators, who have an interest in two concerns, now traveling, cleared one thousand dollars a day last week, that being *their* share of the profits. What an immense business must have been done to pay this dividend, after deducting all expenses. A better season than the present, we understand, was never known .....Did *you* hear anything about a great crim. con. case between an actress and "one of our most highly respectable and wealthy merchants?" No? Neither did we, but there are so *many* cases occuring, that we thought some of our readers might know of something nice that they would like us to ventilate; "but its of no consequence".....Little Mac's name is still received with applause whenever it is mentioned at our halls of amusement. The radicals, however, think they have entirely squelched our favorite commander; but he still lives in the hearts of the people. We'll speak a piece apropos to the occasion:—

Oh! Little Mac, if you were black
The radicals would back you—
But since you're white, they out of spite
Try very hard to black you.

.....We have a new sensation, in addition to the Ghost. Barnum come out last week as an acrobat, and turned one of the prettiest somersaults we remember to have witnessed since Bennett turned his celebrated flip flap in April, 1861. This is how the great showman come to turn over. He has a party of Indians on show at his Museum—whether bogus or not we cannot say, but they look like made-up savages—and in order to make them doubly attractive to a refined and discriminating New York assemblage, he advertised them in the following language:—"The Indian wars on our Western borders have invested these red men of the forest with unusual interest, and every man, woman and child is desirious of seeing these inhuman savages, *who have so ruthlessly murdered the men, women and children of our Western frontier*. Here they have the opportunity. These are specimens of the very tribes who have committed these atrocious acts, fresh from the scenes of rapine and murder." This was rather too strong even for New York, and the effect was to deter people from patronising a place where such inhuman and bloodthirsty creatures were on show. Seeing the error he had committed, the showman discontinued this advertisement after a day or two, and inserted in its place the following, which goes to show the showman's versatility of talent:—"These specimens, though representatives of these warlike tribes, are now, and ever have been, steadfast friends of the whites, and never have let an opportunity pass to favor and befriend them." It would not be a bad idea for the two B's—Barnum and Bennett—to start out as acrobatic performers, and flip flapists, and by Christmas, in the language of the *Herald*, "this unholy rebellion will be brought to a close".....Another conundrum, similar to the one already brought to the notice of our unscrupulous readers:—"Why are Bennett and Barnum like the Ghost? Because they are easily seen through".....Street organs are coming into play again. For a while we missed them, and came to the conclusion that the operators had gone to the war, or to our summer watering places. Their absence has not been *seriously* felt, however, for our young ladies have supplied their places by giving us full and unadulterated doses of "When this Cruel War is Over." Now, that the street organs are coming to town, we may reasonably look for something fresh, for, as go the organs go, so go the pianos. Beg pardon, ladies, but a regard for truth and fresh music induces us to make this "uncalled for assault" upon your musical escutcheons. In the depraved language of an "inhuman savage, fresh from the scenes of rapine and murder," "let the galled jades wince, *our* withers are unwrung."

Mrs. Frank Drew, a talented and very versatile actress, is at present in this city, looking up something for the fall and winter season.

"Hats off in front!" Our devil, *nick*-named "Skeesicks," is awful on conundrums, as witness. Rushing into our main cabin the other day, he got off the following:—"Why is Plymouth Church in Brooklyn like 444 Broadway?" We couldn't see it. "Because," replied the imp, twisting the tail of the cat that was dozing on a heap of exchanges—"because it's got a bully Pastor." We looked morose, when the insatiate rogue growled out—"I see Barnum's Injuns down in the street; they are regular beats." "How so?" we enquired. "Because they are red." The cat purred twice, and mounted the editorial desk, with her back up, dromedary fashion. "Now," the devil added, gazing abstractedly upon a luscious peach that was "on file" in a pigeon hole, "I'd like to ask you why—why—why—" "Well," we put in, "why don't you go on?" "That peach," he replied. Removing the obstacle to his genius, he resumed. "Why is all of Barnum's Injun fellers like all his fat gals?" Our powers of penetration were unequal to the task of solving the savage query. "Because," explained "Skeesicks," edging away by degrees—"because they're *sense-shun-all*" (he meant sensational), re(a)d-y *maids*, and dam-sells." The cat flew out of the sanctum, but the devil led the race, with an old shoe in his rear.

Speaking of dam-sells reminds us of the "Great Waiter Girls' Festival," held at the Cremorne Gardens on the 20th inst. The whole affair was a "gigantic swindle" on the part of somebody—nobody knows who—there not being a "waiter girl" interested—nary a waiter girl—and to their credit as a community of hard-working females, be it here recorded, not one of them, as far as we could learn, appeared on the grounds to give countenance to the proceeding. The lowest characters of the city, consisting of thieves of every grade, from the "sneak" to the "gonnoff," male and female, formed the greater part of the crowd, having things all their own way as far as drinking and dancing was concerned. There was no violence to speak of, owing, no doubt, to the excellent police arrangements of Captain Porter, of the 19th precinct. Roundsman Gay, a gay boy, indeed, was deputed to keep the assemblage on "peace terms," which he did to the best of his ability, having "silenced" a few of the "guns" who were "hostile" towards him for his vigilance in "spotting" their "lays." Captain Porter informed our reporter that he endeavored to discover the parties at the head of the festival, but failed; and opinionated that it was a sell by somebody, probably the thieves, as their presence seemed to give color to the supposition. However, as the matter stands at present writing, nobody is responsible for the affair, and "nobody hurt" but the "waiter girls," who had nothing to do with the arrangement.

On Tuesday evening last, quite an interesting little affair came off at 444 Broadway, which was no less than a grand set-out by Mons. La Thorne to the *attaches* of that establishment, being the anniversary of the third year of his very successful stage management at this house. A benefit to Mons. La Thorne is talked about, and when it *does* occur, it doubtless will prove a bumper, as he richly deserves it.

How to make Ghosts. See Harmar's advertisement.

How *are* you, ghost? During the week, the east side of the town has been on the rampage about the ghost, the managers of the two Bowery theatres having introduced "it" to the notice of their patrons. There was a good deal of competition between the two houses as to which should have the distinguished honor of presenting "it" first to the public; and the result was, that the old theatre brought it out on the 15th; in this, they forestalled the new house a night or two. Mr. Lingard, of the New Bowery, produced the Ghost on Monday evening, Aug. 17th, in a new drama, called the "Temple of Death." The attraction was sufficient to crowd the house in every part with an exceedingly respectable assemblage. The drama, itself, does not, in our opinion, possess much merit; but Messrs. Eddy and Boniface, who took the leading parts, made more than the author intended, of the characters entrusted to them; there was a little too much ranting, perhaps, but it was well received by the "gods" and those who favor the "heavies." In regard to the ghost display, however, we have to say that it is a surprising ocular deception, and decidedly created the most intense astonishment among the audience. As produced at the New Bowery, the "spectral illusion" is as complete and successful as any produced in this city. The houses through the week have been very large, and the audiences give unmistakable proofs of their astonishment and gratification at the novelty so successfully presented to them by Mr. Lingard.

The Volks Garden, in the Bowery, is closed, and it is said that, in consequence of some underhanded play on the part of a German manager, who succeeded in getting a lease of the Stadt Theatre on the sly, to the "detriment" and disgust of his late partner, Harmann, who has been thrown out by the arrangement—"Volks" is to be fitted up in Dutch, as a regular theatre, to oppose Hoym, of the Stadt. We don't understand it, exactly; we were under the impression that Harmann owned both places—the Stadt and Volks—but it would appear that he has only a grip on the "Volks." We don't know how it will eventuate; it's a very pretty Dutch quarrel as it stands, and is the very thing for hot weather. "Swi glas bier."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers—widow of he who, as Master Bowers, years ago set the dramatic world in a glow by his Shakesperean delineations—made her first appearance in New York since her return from Europe, on Monday evening, Aug. 17th, at the Winter Garden. We attended the theatre on Tuesday evening, 18th; the attendance was not very large. A new play was presented by Mrs. Bowers; it is called "Natalie, or the Death Barge of the Loire." To support her, Mrs. B. had the assistance of a mixed company, made up of all sorts of people from all sorts of places; this, of itself, was injurious to the prospects of the lady; aside from this, the house is not a popular one; and we question whether Mr. Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, or the Ghost could attract a full house. We should not omit to mention, however, that for the new play, several *new* scenes were introduced, scenes whose brightness gives indication that they were really "painted expressly for this occasion," and for which all honor is due the parties who "stood the blunt." The play is not really one that will hold the stage successfully for any length of time; it is not a great success, neither is it a failure; it contains a few passages of thrilling interest, but much more that is of no interest at all; the prologue is of the mellowest melo-dramatic character, the slaughter of women and children by blood-stained heavy villains being the feature of the opening. The "mob" was pretty well done, and the naturalness with which they fired upon the innocents as the latter were sinking with the death barge, reminded us very much of the cruelty practised by our rioters upon the inmates of the orphan asylum, when that building was fired by the metropolitan "tumult." The play is in a prologue, and three acts. Mrs. Bowers was well received, and created a very favorable impression, indeed; she speaks distinctly, in clear, musical tones, and her elocution is admirable; she is not quite so stout as when she was last with us, and looks all the better for her European trip. Mrs. Anna Cowell was also well received, and frequently applauded. The others were but mediocre; yet considering the "mixed" character of the performers, they did quite as well as could reasonably be expected of them. "The Death Barge" is announced for repetition this week.

Mr. Bandmann, the German-American tragedian, begins his engagement at Niblo's, at the end of this week, appearing as Shylock, on Saturday evening, August 29th. What a go it would be if Manager Wheatley could smuggle a Dutch ghost into Bandmann's "Shylock;" it *wants* something spirited, these days, to make tragedy go down.

Now, we are not of those who go around prying into private affairs, for the sake of getting an item; you know that, good friends, well enough. What then, shall we say of those papers that invade the sanctity of the home circle, and make public those "little events" which are periodically occurring in all well-regulated and constituted families. What do you think—some of the "respectable journals" say that Mrs. Stoepel (Miss Matilda Heron) is preparing for one of those "coming events" which add to the family expenses, and to the family record in the old bible. The scene is laid in this city. The same authority informs us that Mrs. Barney Williams is preparing for a similar "emergency." Now, *we* could have told these family journalists that Mrs. W. G. Jones, of the New Bowery, recently presented her husband with *two* "emergencies" at one "event," but we refrained from giving puolicity to the proceedings. The mother is doing well, but the children died. We presume there are hundreds of similar "events" constantly occurring which are never brought to light. We despise those journals which cannot keep such things secret.

Such "sailing in" as there is at 444 Broadway, we never knew "in all our born days," as our good old grandmother used to say. We were up that way on Saturday evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, and at that hour there was a large gathering in front of the ticket office, while the auditorium was already crowded. Where they stow the people, or how they accommodate the numerous patrons of the three fours, who seek to penetrate therein, is beyond our penetration; they "go in," however, and pack themselves away like sardines. There is a capital programme prepared for this week, and to those who desire to spend an evening pleasantly, let us recommend the American.

A slice has been taken off of the drama at Wallack's, while a little more ghost has been tacked on, which goes to show that the "shadow" is preferred to the "substance." Watkins will soon have to give up the ghost, as the regular season will commence shortly.

Skirmishing is already going on, preparatory to a general engagement at the Academy of Music. Maretzek notifies "ladies and gentlemen of the chorus" to apply for chances, on the 24th and 25th inst. Why can't Max draft some new people into the chorus? The "veterans" must be pretty well used up by this time, and should have a furlough for the balance of their days. Think it over, Max, and lobster salad shall be your portion, with oyster soup for the critics.

The old homestead of minstrelsy, 472 Broadway, had a succession of excellent houses last week, and the entertainments offered by the Bryants gave the usual satisfaction. In the funny business, they have a capital trio in the persons of Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour, and Dave Reed,

When the "Duke's Motto" was first produced here, at Niblo's, on the opening of the summer, we predicted that the drama would run the season through, and it has done so. It will be given for the last time on the 28th inst., after which it will be exported to Philadelphia, to be brought out under Mr. Collins' direction at the New Chestnut, in that city. It is one of the greatest successes of the age, and could be run with profit here for some time longer. We promise our Philadelphia friends a rare dramatic treat in the "Duke's Motto." Remember, this is its last week here, the last representation being fixed for Friday evening.

Mrs. Wood is firing up for her approaching season at Laura Keene's, and rumor asserts that she has already made some excellent engagements; among others said to have engaged with her are two young, fresh, and lovely girls, fifteen and sixteen years of age, the daughters of Mrs. H. P. Gratton. Their names, Viola and Adele. They are represented as being beautiful, which is a passport to public favor in this city. If all is true that we hear of Mrs. Wood, her engagements, and her intentions, there can be no doubt of the success of her campaign.

What with the Ghost, the quartette of comedians, and the quintette of vocalists, Wood's Minstrels cannot fail to attract large audiences. As variety is the spice of life, here you have it in abundance, in burlesque tragedy; in comedy; in pathetic ballads; in eccentric acts indescribable; in performances most laughable. The hall itself is a pleasant place to while away an hour in, without reference to the entertainments offered. What has become of Mr. Dunlap, formerly officiating in front? He was a courteous and an attentive usher, which is a rarity in some places, and an efficient doorkeeper, which position he last occupied.

Medori, prima donna, who created such a splutter last season, is expected to arrive here shortly from Europe. She's a good un.

The great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, will be with us again next week, his initial performance being announced for Monday evening, Aug. 31st, at Niblo's. There will doubtless be an immense assemblage present to greet this favorite American actor. "Richelieu" opens the engagement.

We were agreeably surprised while taking observations in Wallack's the other evening, to find that talented and versatile American actor, Joseph E. Nagle, sustaining the part of Godfrey Dulanie, in the sensation drama of "True to the Last." This is Henry Watkins' favorite character, but whether drafted or not, he had an excellent substitute in the person of Joe Nagle, who has made quite a stir by his masterly delineation of this fine character. We trust the gentleman may be retained at Wallack's, for he is both clever and popular.

On our way down town Saturday night we couldn't resist a peep at 444, and as luck would have it were just in time to hear Tony Pastor, the "magnif.," sing three of his very best songs. After such a treat, the hobgobling and ghosts superinduced in our vision by a visit to Wallacks were completely dispelled, and, late as it was, we entered Mrs. Fogarty's democratic boarding establishment with a lion's courage. Tony's gorgeous on the sing.

How's this? Coming down in one of the Broadway stages one morning in the sultry month of August, we spied in big letters on one of Barnum's bills the singular words, "The Maid of Munster Trying it on Lizzie Harris!" These captions were interlined with small print, but at the terrific speed we were going (six miles an hour), we could only make out the big letters. What did Barnum mean?

Tony Denier is now one of the fixtures of the Old Bowery, and takes hold of all his characters with the avidity of a hash eater. Of a truth, Tony and G. L. Fox are two dromios, active, mirth-provoking, and hilarious.

For thirteen years Mr. Charles T. Parsloe has been proprietor of a dramatic agency in this city. His place of business is now at No. 14 West Bleecker street. See advertisement.

Broadway Theatre! Why not? The name is a good one, and reminds us of the past, when amusement seekers sought the southern part of Broadway, instead of going up, up, up, as they do now. Well, Mrs. Emma Robertson is having that cozy little place opposite the Metropolitan Hotel fitted up as a dramatic temple, and it is to be called the "Broadway Theatre." What is most against the place is the entrance, which is somewhat narrow and contracted. However, men will go through very small openings to assist a lady, and we shall be extremely glad to know that our gallants have responded to the appeal of Emma, and made the little "Broadway" a success. The opening will take place in September, the exact date of which we have not been informed.

The New Bowery Theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity on Saturday evening last, to witness the introduction of Prof. Pepper's Ghost secret in Shakespeare's play of "Macbeth." Seldom have we seen such an immense concourse of people as the announcement of this fact brought together, within the walls of any place of amusement. Long before the curtain rose, there was not a vacant seat in the house; and when the curtain descended on the first act, every available spot that could be used for standing was taken, even close up to the door, so that egress was a very difficult thing to accomplish. Mr. Eddy's performance of Macbeth on Saturday evening did not altogether gratify us as much as we anticipated. Although it discovered many of those features which distinguish "one that has been studied" as his part, we cannot bestow on it our unqualified approbation. It occurred to us, that in the celebrated soliloquy of "if it were done when 'tis done," he was in haste to despatch it; and though we admired the subsequent one of "is this a dagger?" &c., in part, as a whole we did not realize our expectations; but after the murder, in his *whispered* dialogues with Lady Macbeth, he was pre-eminently fine; and the description of the grooms "in the second chamber,"

"Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious," &c., was delivered in a particularly happy style, and only equalled by the hypocritical appearance of enthusiasm in his behavior afterwards. In making our notice of this evening's performance, we have given Mr. Eddy first in preference to his Ghostship, as we not only admire but prefer the legitimate to anything pertaining to the sensation order. The first of the "shadows" shown by the manager of the New Bowery, on Saturday night, was in the first scene of the second act. Previous to the curtain going up, the house was darkened to such an extent that all the gas was put entirely out, and allowed to escape for some time, which was not at all pleasant, particularly to those who were nervously inclined. The stage was set for a court yard scene, with a raised trap cut about half way across the stage, from which the shadows were thrown on the stage. Over the trap were the usual pillars and cross piece to carry out the effect. As Macbeth is about entering the chamber of Duncan, to murder him, the shadows of the three weird sisters are seen, who are supposed to be watching him, until he enters the chamber. We see no more shadows or Ghost until Act 3d, Scene 4th, when the king is at his banquet, and then the Ghost of Banquo is produced, in the newest, latest London style. In the first instance the Ghost of Banquo was introduced in this manner, in order to keep up the prevailing excitement about ghosts, phantoms, and spectral illusions; but when Banquo appears to the king the second time, he stalked upon the stage as bold "as any other man," thus proving beyond a doubt that none of our managers on this side of the water have yet become the fortunate possessors of the true secret of producing the Pepper Ghost. In England, we understand, the illusion has been brought to such a perfection, that the Ghost is made to walk upon the stage and go through a part on his own account. In one instance, his Ghostship has been made to stalk upon the stage, and going up to a lady, snatch from her hand a rose, and disappearing and appearing, not only at will, but at different parts of the stage. To this perfection have our managers yet to bring the Ghost business, and whoever shall be the first one to succeed, will indeed create a still greater sensation than has yet been done. We understand that manager Wheatley intends accomplishing this feat at Niblo's Garden during Mr. Forrest's engagement, by introducing the Ghost of Hamlet in this style, and causing it to move around the stage.

Among the professional celebrities at present in the city are Mr. John K. Meech, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo; Mr. Frank Rosston, whose whereabouts were inquired for last week; and Mr. W. H. Riley, manager of the Indianapolis Theatre. Mr. Riley must not be confounded with the Mr. Riley now performing at the Winter Garden, as we notice several of our contemporaries have got the parties mixed up.

The Old Bowery "Ghost," which was on all last week, drew large audiences to that house, the effects of the "spectral illusion" on the spectators being as varied and strange as the shadows themselves; but all came to the conclusion that the "Ghost" was something which they could not comprehend, although it appeared before them the same as "any other man." The successful drama of "The Ghost of Altenburg," in which the optical illusions are shown, will be repeated this week. Certainly no sensation has awakened such an interest on the east side of town as the "Ghost." It is well worth a visit, and any one who has not seen the "Ghost" will soon be as great a curiosity as the spectre itself.

DRAMATIC.



DAN SETCHELL—COMEDIAN.
For Biographical Sketch, see another column.

Among the new faces engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the coming season, are Mr. Geo. Griffith (old men), Miss Mary Carr (old women), Stuart Robson, Mr. Marlowe, Aiken, Isabella Freeman and Miss Henry. Hawthorne is the scenic artist. The opening is fixed for Saturday, September 5th. On the 7th, the Richings' English Opera Troupe will commence a three weeks' engagement.

The Holman Opera Troupe was at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, last week. They performed to very good business.

The Lyceum Theatre, Toronto, re-opened on the 17th, with the play of "Marguerite of Burgundy."

At the Keokuk (Iowa) Theatre, under the management of Mr. Lynch, business is mentioned as being fair. On the 15th inst., Miss Emma Madden took a benefit, appearing as Josephine, in the "Daughter of the Regiment." A fine house was in attendance. The season closed on the 17th inst., with a benefit to Chas. J. Fyffe.

Kate Denin Ryan was the star last week at Buckland's Theatre Royal, Montreal.

The French Dramatic Company, from Niblo's Garden, N. Y., gave a performance at Montreal on the 17th, consisting of "The Captain of the Watch" and "Les Horaces."

De Bar's St. Louis Theatre opened on the 17th inst. Among the company engaged are the following:—J. E. Carden, W. L. Smith, S. H. Rogers, Con. Murphy, J. T. Huntley, Sherry Kyle, Miss Charlotte Wyette, Mary Madden, Mrs. Frank Graham, and Miss Bainbridge. Felix A. Vincent and Marion Macarthy are the stars. The opening, bill was "Aline, the Rose of Kilkenny" and "Jennie Lind."

Hodges & Rogers' Dramatic Company closed their season on the 12th, at Hillsboro, Ill., where they remained three nights. Since their departure from Louisville, they have played in New Albany, Salem (where they were overtaken by John Morgan), Bedford, Bloomington, Gosport, and Brazil, Indiana; and Paris, Charleston, Mattoon (where they were obliged to suspend operations on account of a row between the copperheads and republicans), Shelbyville, and Hillsboro, Ill. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hodges, J. H. Rogers, S G. Ruker, Annie E. Dillingham, and Miss C. E. Langrishe. The company has left for its respective engagements through the West.

Susan Denin is the star this week at the Washington Theatre.

Miss Annie Levering made her first appearance at the Washington Theatre on the 17th inst., as Margery, in the "Rough Diamond," to Harry Clifford's Cousin Joe.

Miss Kate Fisher was at the Washington Theatre all last week, doing the "Three Fast Men." Mr. James Dunn, C. W. Clarke, the Siegel Children, and the Forrest Sisters were in the piece. Marieita Ravel is also there, executing a dance every night.

Our Nashville correspondent, "Romeo," writing from that city on the 18th inst., says:—"Biz." at Duffield's Theatre during the past week has been excellent. They have been giving us, since their opening, a round of light comedies, &c., which, at this time of the year, are far more acceptable than heavy tragedies and dramas, but which wear out the audience as well as the actor. Since my last the orchestra has been greatly strengthened, and, under the able leadership of Mr. John Bernard, will prove a powerful auxiliary to the already excellent attractions at this house. Monday, August 17th, the house was crowded, to witness the great sensational drama of the "Female Gambler; or, Plot and Passion." The piece was well played throughout.

Mr. H. B. Gates is fast closing his "circuit" for his dramatic equestrian troupe, comprising Mlle. Genevieve, the dashing equestrienne; O. B. Collins, equestrian dramatic actor; and the highly trained and sagacious trick horse Black Bess. He has intervals which he is desirous of filling up speedily, however. Managers should make a note of his advertisement in the CLIPPER.

Miss Annie Waite took a farewell benefit at the Buffalo Theatre on the 18th inst. The affair called out one of the largest houses of the season. Mr. C. P. DeGroat was down on the bills as "Legrange," but did not make his appearance, and at the very last hour Mr. Robert McQuade had to assume the responsibility of filling his place. Mr. DeG. left suddenly for Memphis without intimating his intention to do so to the stage manager, or any one else connected with the theatre. It is said that this is not the first time Mr. DeGroat has thus abused both manager and the public.

Manager Ellsler issues his call for the company to fall in for first rehearsal at his Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Saturday, September 5th. The ladies and gentlemen will please, therefore, govern themselves accordingly.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is at Sharon Springs.

The patriotic tragedian, James E. Murdoch, intends, we understand, to make use of his famous elocutionary powers for and in behalf of his country in opposing the election of Vallandigham in Ohio, in the forthcoming election.

Mr. Edwin Booth appeared at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, August 22d, as Richelieu, to a fair house. He was supported by George Jamison, L. P. Barret, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, Sidney Wilkins, etc. Richelieu was to be repeated on the 24th. Richard III. is underlined.

At the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, the Martinettis continue as the attractions; with the "Red Gnome" as the the feature this week, after which they are to make way for the "Duke's Motto," which is to be produced on the 31st inst., with pretty much the same cast that has made the piece so popular at Niblo's, New York, including Messrs. Wheatley and Collins. The season in Philadelphia opens rich.

Mister Ghost is to be shown up in Philadelphia on the 26th inst., under the direction of Mr. H. Watkins, who is now in that city, preparing for the events which cast their shadows before. Mr. Watkins can get no theatre, however, in which to show up his ghostly companion, so he has taken Musical Fund Hall, which is not much of a place for dramatic representations; but we believe this ghost is to be a scientific chap, instead of dramatic. Harry Watkins doubtless wishes to get ahead of somebody, hence he takes a concert hall.

The improvements at the Walnut, Philadelphia, are nearly completed, and it is thought the house will be ready to open on the 31st.

Among the stage improvements introduced at the Boston Museum is a recent Parisian effect of not only sinking the footlights, but, in combination with the wings and borders, of flooding the stage with colored lights, and so merging the two as to produce the hues of sunset and moonlight.

Business at Ford's Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week, is said to have been very good for the first week of the season. This week the bill will be varied. On the 25th, "Dot;" 26th, "Love Chase;" and 27th, "Aurora Floyd."

At Deering Hall, Portland, the indefatigable E. P. Hingston, late business manager for Miss Kate Reignolds, took a benefit last week. His popularity in that city was evinced by a very full house. The pieces played were "The Lady of Lyons" and "A Clam Bake on Cushing's Island," the last being, it was said, the concoction of the beneficiare. Friend Hingston made his appearance on the stage in the first part of the evening, and gave proof that he could be an actor as well as a first class agent.

Kate Reignolds took a farewell benefit in Portland, Me., on Friday, 14th. William Warren, the comedian, went from Boston to play for her. The receipts were over $500.

The opening of Ford's New Theatre, Washington, which was announced for the 24th inst., has been postponed to the 26th, in consequence of some unavoidable delay in the completion of the stage. The company comprises Messrs. Wm. C. Forbes (stage manager), J. A. Herne, S. K. Chester, P. A. Anderson, Mark Bates, C. B. Bishop, Fred Williams, R. Witters, Miss Annie Waite, Misses Sallie and Mary Melville, A. Hodges; Mesdames C. B. Bishop and M. A. Chapman, with others of lesser note. The "Naiad Queen," and a poetical address written for the occasion by T. Seato Donoho, of Washington, make up the inaugural bill.

Mrs. Cecile Rush played for six nights at Keokuk, opening on the 3d inst. Business is said to have been good, in spite of the hot weather.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, the great American contralto, arrived at Boston, on the 20th, from Europe. She's another good 'un.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence fetch out the "Death Fetch," at the Boston Theatre, on the 31st; they will also fetch out the Ghost, its first appearance in Boston.

Talking about "it," we notice that Manager Lingard has taken the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings of this week, for the purpose of showing up a pious ghost to the pious people of that pious city. As Mr. Lingard produces "it" in better style than most managers, our Brooklyn friends may rely upon seeing the real thing.

Emily Thorne, Miss Kellogg, Madame Methua, and various others of the profession, are said to be rusticating in Jersey, at Newport, and elsewhere. Well, let 'em rust.

The "Park Theatre," Brooklyn, is officially announced to open on the 14th of September. Brooklyn ought to support a theatre, most certainly; she has her Academy, and her Minstrel Hall, under Mr. Hooley's management. The former has been somewhat of a failure, while the minstrels have established themselves in favor there, meeting with extraordinary success. It will depend a great deal on the management whether the theatre will make a hit. If Mr. Harrison is a live manager, the speculation ought to pay; if he is of the old fogy order, Gabriel may blow his horn to little purpose.

Bricklayers, plasterers, painters, gas fitters, carpenters, upholsterers, and mechanics in all the branches, jostle each other at the new Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the endeavor to finish the building in time for theatrical representations on the 5th of September. The *Ledger* says:—"The front of the building is nearly completed, while the interior begins to assume the appearance of a theatre. The fresco painters have nearly completed the work upon the dome; the three tiers of boxes are done, except the light iron work which is to be placed in front; upholsterers are covering the benches in the first tier; carpenters are relaying the stage, and erecting the stairways; the plasterers are at work on the lobbies; painters are giving the finishing touches to the woodwork within the building, and altogether the interior presents a busy scene. It is believed that the building can be opened on the 5th of September, although some of the work will not be done, especially in the lobbies. The walls under the boxes will not be frescoed until next season."

Miss Henrietta Irvine, said to be a young, beautiful, and talented actress, is soon to appear after a two years retirement, on the boards of the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn. See advertisement.

Messrs. Conner & Co., theatrical agents, are getting up a company for Manager Allen, at the New Nashville Theatre. See advertisement.

Responsible managers should make a note of Miss Mary Radcliffe's advertisement in these columns.

Miss Julia Daly commences a brief engagement of five nights at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 26th.

T. M. Tyrrell, lately returned from Colorado, is now ready to negotiate for engagements. See advertisement.

Miss Lotty Hough is having some new sensation pieces written adapted to her talent and speciality. J. F. Poole is the favored author.

In consequence of the continued illness of Miss Lucille Western her opening at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, has been postponed until the 31st inst. On the 24th, Mr. Willard introduces to his patrons the "Ghost," in the play of "The Prophetess."

Miss Kate Fisher, the gay and gallant equestrienne, is still performing at the Washington, D. C. Theatre. Those managers who wish to engage her services for a short or long period, should address Conner & Co., as per advertisement.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers commences a short engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on or about November 16th.

A stock company is in process of organization by Manager H. R. Camp, of Kansas City, Mo., who is sole lessee of the theatre there. He wishes to secure the services of twelve people for "all the year round," and as he promises high salaries, we have no doubt but that the ranks will soon be filled up. Address at once according to directions in his advertisement in this issue.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, has been doing a fair share of business during the week just passed. Mr. W. H. Donaldson, the pantomimist and rope walker, was the star, and closed on the 22d with a benefit. This week Mrs. Emma Waller is the attraction.

Manager E. F. Keach, of the Boston Museum, announces the opening of his season on the 24th, with the following company:—Messrs. D. W. Waller, W. Warren, W. H. Smith, E. F. Keach, R. F. McClannin, F. Hardenburgh, J. Wilson, J. A. Smith, G. F. Ketchum, J. Wheelock, J. H. Ring, Walter Benn, Sol Smith, jr., Hunter, Delano, Peakes, Woolf, Pitman; Misses Kate Reignolds, Emily Mestayer, Josephine Orton, Annie Clarke, M. Parker. M. Andrews, H. Orton, Harrison, Wright, Flanders, Johnson, Moore, Mason; Mrs. J. R. Vincent, Mrs. J. Wheelock, Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Mons. Louis Szollosy, and Misses Rose and Therese Wood. Mr. D. W. Waller has been secured as leading man. "Money" is the opening piece.

The Boston Theatre opens for the season on the 24th, with the following company:—Messrs. J. G. Hanley, W. H. Whalley, W. H. Hamblin, W. H. Curtis, Wm. Scallan, T. L. Chandler, N. T. Davenport, Wm. Jeffries, E. W. Beattie, Alvin Read, J. Biddles, Richards, C. M. Davis, E. Barry, James McCoy, F. O. Savage, J. Taylor, A. Burton, Richardson, C. Somerville, E. Preston, J. L. Sanford, W. Hudson: Mrs. Anna Cowell, Sylvester, Stoneall, N. T. Davenport, J. Biddles; Misses E. Hall, Willis, Blanch Gray, E. Johnson, Sylvester, Malvina, Amelia, Ellwood, Florence, Lees, and Kendrick. "King Henry" is the initial performance, with Hackett as the star.

A death in the family of Mr. Chanfrau will prevent Mrs. C. probably from appearing at the opening of the Boston Theatre.

Mr. Edwin Adams will not appear at the Boston Theatre, just yet, but will put in an appearance as occasion may require, and when other engagements will permit.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 158.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 12 cents per line; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

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SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
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The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:—
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LITTLE MAC,
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 20-tf

THE GREAT ORIGINAL AND ONLY
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
Under the personal supervision of
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The company consists of the following artists, viz:—

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P. S.—NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER Ethiopian or Band organization styling themselves CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS. M. C. CAMPBELL, Manager.
FRANK EDWARDS, General Agent. 13-

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Sole Proprietor..... DICK O'NEIL.
Stage Manager.....D. G. SMYTHE.
NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS,
And Nightly Visited by Crowded and Enthusiastic Audiences.
The following Artists are nightly performing, and meet with great applause:—
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The Inimitable Negro performer, and exact fac simile of the Great Billy Birch,
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AND A FULL ORCHESTRAL BAND.
Good Performers can always meet with good Engagements by addressing to DICK O'NEIL.
No Waiter Girls. 19-tf

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THEODORE DUTTON,
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers, and the Public generally, that he is now located at the
EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
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Where he will give his personal attention to the production, in any style, of all kinds of
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Particularly adapted for
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TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
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T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 15-3m

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MUSIC HALL
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No outside performers employed—none but the very best talent engaged.
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17-tf Washington, D. C.

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Will be Rented for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c. Address
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THEATRICAL WIGS—Character and Comic; Minstrel Wigs; Beards, Curls, etc. Also, Clowns Wigs and Skull Caps, on hand and made to order. PAUL DESPOTTE,
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employing an apparatus (miss en scene) and French Automata hitherto unprecedented in the annals of Wizardry. His Spiritual Melodeon, Shakesperean Writing Automata, and Azurial Trapeze Performer, are triumphs of mechanical skill, and invented by that eminent mechanician, Ricardo de Berge, whose services as Wizard Assistant have been secured. Professor Pepper's Ghost or Spectral Illusion, will also be introduced. Particulars in future advertisement. 17-4t*

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Proprietors.....DORVAL & CO,
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MR. W. BEAUMONT DUHRING.
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No WAITER GIRLS EMPLOYED.
Ladies and Gentlemen, of Established Reputation,
IN THE
Music Hall Profession,
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JAMES CONNER & Co., Sole Agents,
or as above by letter, to P. O. Box 1900,
18-3m Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The season at this Theatre commences about the middle of September. First class Stars and Ladies and Gentlemen of ability, wishing engagements for the Eastern Circuit, will be treated with on liberal terms, and Stars may rely upon it that they will be supported by a full, first class Company.
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CROWDED HOUSES. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
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THE MOST PERFECT ILLUSION
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WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD TO PRODUCE A GHOST
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THE GHOST! THE GHOST! THE GHOST!
MONDAY, August 24, and every evening during the week,
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